

The World and His Wife

A Dramatic Film Romance Featuring
ALMA RUBENS

WHO'S WHO IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE"

ALL-STAR CAST:

Don Julian.....	Montagu Love
Teodora (his wife).....	Alma Rubens
Ernesto.....	Gaston Glass
Don Severo (Julian's brother).....	Pedro de Cordoba
Mercedes (his wife).....	Margaret Dale
Don Alvarez.....	Charles Gerard
Marie.....	Mrs. Allan Walker

WATCH FOR THIS STORY IN MOTION PICTURES

"The World and His Wife" soon to be seen in motion pictures at the best theaters, is a Cosmopolitan production released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture from the play by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, founded on the dramatic verse of Jose Echegaray.

By Jane McLean.

HE raised a hand in protest. "No, I am right. Love suffereth long and is kind. You are not as you were. Before your brother came into this house and insisted that Ernesto could not be merely a friend, you have changed; you cannot deceive me. There is something calling away at your heart—I have felt it—a dark something is creeping over me, have I not? I have heard it ever since Don Severo's wife tried to make me confess that I was not a good wife."

"She meant well," said Don Severo hoarsely, unable to cope with the gathering blows from the lips of Teodora.

"But you, my husband, the one who promised to love and cherish me, the one I promised to honor and obey—you let her say this!"

He sipped his tea in silence, having no answer to make, ashamed of himself, not knowing what to do.

At this moment a company of street strollers paused outside the iron grating of the patio and began to sing a ballad popular at the time.

"Though never, alas! too old to yearn
Old age is not for love, oh no!
For youth to youth will ever turn
And laugh at age that will not learn."

Voices Mock Julian.

Paying no attention at first, the words began to burn into the brain of Don Julian like coals of fire. He flushed. "Voices everywhere," he cried, "mocking at me!" And, calling a servant, he pointed to the singers. "Send them away."

Silence succeeded his outbreak. The man and the woman watched the street singers depart laughing as though it were a joke on this man of middle age and his young wife.

And, coincident with their departure, entered Don Severo. Bowing to Teodora, "Well, well," said he, "I have some news. Ernesto is going to South America not a week hence as he planned, but sooner."

"I have told Julian how sorry I am," said the wife. "We are driving him away—unjustly."

Into the face of Julian came again the cruel look of suspicion; for the first time in their married life he turned upon her with a hatred that even she could not mis-

take, and the sight of his anger brought tears to her eyes. Tears that he wholly misinterpreted. "Ah, you are sad, tears of blood are wrung from your heart by this news, eh?"

"Yes," she met his eyes undimmed, conscious of her own purity, "because my heart is breaking, Julian."

He staggered back; not for the glimmer of a second did the reflection come to him that he was the man she referred to; no, it was plain to him that her heart was breaking for this poet, the youth he had introduced into his house out of charity. Teodora did not speak further; her idol was breaking before her; she had no more to say; she walked away, hoping against hope that Don Julian would call her back.

But no sound came from him till she had left the room, then in a passionate outbreak he poured forth his sorrow to Severo, cursing himself for his blindness and wondering in broken sentences whether Teodora would dare to tell him she no longer cared for him.

Teodora groping mentally for a refuge from this net of calamity being drawn about her, almost fell into a chair weeping tears of disillusion.

Before her stood Mercedes. "Tell me everything, my dear," said the cold voice. "See, I have destroyed the statue of Ernesto that you may the more quickly forget him."

Teodora rose. "You are a wicked woman; I have nothing to tell you. Go out of my sight and do not let me see you again; you poison my soul."

She resumed her seat, but there were no more tears; she had been suspected of wrongdoing by her own husband; the magic bond of faith that bound them together had been broken not by her but by him. Henceforth he would not trust her again and she—she shook her head in despair.

The beginning of the end of the house of Gorgas was at hand; like Samson, Julian had pulled down the pillars and buried his faith and his heart in the ruins. Henceforth his life was to be a round of horror, always wondering, always mistrusting. For the days of the doubter know no peace.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Faith Is Broken.

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Faith Is Broken.

Leap Year Opportunities In Congress

By Edith McDowell-Wise.

(Copyright, 1920.)

CARL VINSON OF GEORGIA.

(A Limerick.)

THERE was a young bachelor, named Vinson,
Whom the writer found most convincing;

For with very little grace he shut the door in her face
And with writers would have no mincing.

This Southern young Georgian LOOKS jolly!
But in five minutes made me melancholy;

Refused to be quizzed—said to mind my own biz,
And suggested I take the trolley.

So his secret remains in his breast
As to why he hasn't a "nest";
And will always stay there, so far as he cares,
For he refused to talk even in jest.



HARRIS & WEAVER

CONG. CARL VINSON.

Why We Eat Vegetables.

The great benefit derived from eating fresh green vegetables is due to their potent action in removing waste matter from the blood vessels and cells of the body.

"ASPIRIN"

WARNING! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 20 years and proved safe by millions.



SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and for pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets each but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetonechloride of Salicylic Acid.

Teodora, Alma Rubens, in the new and dramatic motion picture, "The World and His Wife," hears again the voice of gossip, as her sister-in-law, Mercedes,



explains to her why Don Julian has found it necessary to send out of his house the young poet, Ernesto, whom he himself had urged to make his home with him.

When a Girl Marries

By Anne Lisle.

Copyright, 1920, by King Feature Syndicate.

Inc.

TAKE on myself the responsibility for Daisy's gravely responsible position with Tom

Mason was one thing. To face the actual fact that I had sponsored a girl whom I felt to be a thief and had endangered the possessions of Jim's friend was another.

This came to me with growing force all through the morning after Daisy had gone to take charge of Tom's antique shop. My warrant of Daisy's honesty was dishonest.

I was playing fairy-godmother at Tom's expense. The ethics of what I had done seemed questionable to me as I thought it all through.

One thing was clear, however. If I had it to do over I'd have to do the same thing.

I put in a miserable morning and started off in a pretty unhappy mood after lunch to call for Uncle Ned and Aunt Mollie. Driving the car wasn't a pleasure process, but for their sakes, I felt I must do it.

In a traffic block, as my car stood waiting for a side street to empty itself across the avenue, my attention was attracted from idle staring to half-awakened but eager interest.

On the curb, waiting like a statue, stood a girl dressed in black, noticeable but for the uneasy way she was watching me out of the corner of her eye and trying to hide something or some one from my notice.

Naturally, as soon as I became aware of that I focussed my attention on the girl and tried to place her.

In a moment or two I realized that the girl who was watching me so uneasily and trying to pretend that she wasn't watching me at all was Bertha, my ex-maid. On the inner side of the street, instead of the outside, where he would naturally be, stood a man. He was slight, slim, pale and stoop-shouldered, and wore a broad-visored cap pulled down so its shadow made his features an indistinct blur. Suddenly he seemed to become conscious of Bertha's attempts to block him from view. At once he turned and stared past her through eyes narrowed and squinting. For one second we focused on each other. Then traffic moved, but without Bertha's ever acknowledging that there was some one near to whom she should have bowed.

Needs Mothering.

I knew from the girl's actions, as well as from the man's tell-tale pallor, that this must be her convict husband. But on arriving at Aunt Mollie's hotel, a few minutes later, I dismissed it from my mind because of the greater problem which I couldn't dismiss—the problem of my unfairness to Tom.

Instead of sending word that the car was waiting and asking Uncle Ned and Aunt Mollie down to join me, I went up to the suite where there are always bowls of old-fashioned flowers. Uncle Ned's personal gift to his "bride." The little old lady, radiant in one of her tight-bodied, full-skirted silks, greeted me with a hug and a kiss. Then she held me off at arm's length and called:

"Neddie come here! Our little girl looks a mite peaked and worried. You see whether she needs some aromatic or a little of my blackberry juice."

"Uncle Ned came striding out immediately from the inner room as he always does when Aunt Mollie summons him. He marched over, took my hands in his big ones and led me to the light. Then, after a grave inspection from his deep blue eyes, he marched me back to his wife."

"What this child needs is mothering," he said quickly.

"It is. Oh, it is!" I replied solemnly and with deep conviction. "I'd like to cry on your shoulder, Aunt Mollie."

"Come on, dearie, cry on your old auntie's shoulder and then let your wise uncle know just what's bothering you so he can tell you what to do," said Aunt Mollie, pulling me down on the big old-fashioned sofa that they had managed to have in their suite.

And all in a second I was blurted out my story:

A Friendly Warning.

"Once upon a time," I said, "a dear lady know brought her a beautiful pearl ring for a birthday gift. There were three persons there at the time, and circumstances left each of them alone with the valuable jewel. It disappeared. It might have been taken by a servant who swore her immo-

ence, or by the man guest who hadn't any possible motive for taking it. But the wife felt sure that the girl guest was the thief."

"Sure? Sure's a big word. Why was she sure?" asked Uncle Ned.

So—naming no names—I told of Daisy's love of beauty, of her envy and of the three minutes alone with temptation. When I finished, Uncle Ned came over and put his hand under my chin and so he held my face to the grave scrutiny of his eyes.

"Judge not, little girl," said he. "Judge not. It's easy to be wrong. Some folks ain't fair to our Val. You wouldn't do anything to fasten blame on an innocent person. I now that, or I don't know a thing about folks."

Then I told them of the one day remaining before the husband put the law on the criminal's track, and of the position of trust the wife had aided the girl in obtaining. And when I had finished the two old dears were looking at me with grave tenderness in their eyes.

Uncle Ned sat holding Aunt Mollie's hand between both of his, and looking at her for approval he spoke, with no pretense of misunderstanding who was the "wife" of my story.

"Have you searched all through your clothes, Anne?"

"No, I haven't," I confessed.

"Well, we'll call the rest of our afternoon together, postponed and you so straight home and search through everything you had on that day. I reckon you'll find your ring. In a pocket or caught in a hem or some place that's so likely you never thought of it at all. But, anyway, we love you for the way you've stood by that girl."

"I believe you're right," I said, unutterably relieved. "I'm going right home, and I feel sure I'll be back here in an hour with the ring on my finger."

At the door Aunt Mollie added a gentle word.

"I'm sure, my Neddie's right. Anne, we'll see you back with the ring in an hour, and we want you to know, dear, that we are proud you came to us. But we ain't going to make any mention of this confidence ever, nor yet let ourselves figure on who the little girl who might have taken the ring can be—unless she needs us some day."

"You dears!" I cried. "I know I'll find my ring. And you've made me very thankful I didn't steal—the girl's chance!"

(To Be Continued.)

BOOKS

THE "MODERN PRINTED" BIBLE. Edited by French Strother. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The "Modern Printed" Bible is an edition of the King James version printed as straight reading matter, divided naturally into chapters and paragraphs, and is intended for the general reader who wishes to know the Bible as a masterpiece of literature, and to enjoy the full beauty of its imagery and majestic prose without having his eye and his mind interrupted by mechanical aids to the phrase-by-phrase study.

This is really the "antique-printed" Bible, for it is not an innovation, but a return to the readability of the earliest English editions. The Coverdale version, which was the first Bible printed in English in England, was printed with the chapter and paragraph divisions of modern books.

The "Modern Printed" Bible is the result of the strong conviction of French Strother, managing editor of "The World's Work," that the mass effect and exquisite literary beauty of the Bible are lost to the general reader by the artificialities, short verses, and confusing addition of verse numbers which characterize the book as we see it today. Mr. Strother has personally edited and arranged this modern version.

Selling Frozen Food.

In parts of Siberia most of the food sold in shops is frozen, milk being sold in long sticks and meat in hard chunks. The difficulties of refrigeration which face warmer climates are solved by the weather in the Asiatic territory.

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With

MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Now, again, his heart was beating hard and fast at thought of seeing Stephanie, and the same indefinable anger possessed him—not directed entirely against anyone, but inclusive of himself, and her, and Grismer, and his own helplessness and isolation.

The street she lived in was quiet. There seemed to be a number of studios along the block. In a few minutes he saw the number he was looking for.

Four brick dwelling houses had been made over into one with studios on every floor—a rather pretty Colonial effect with green shutters, white doorway, and iron fence painted white.

In the ground vestibule with its classic fanlight and delicate side-lights, he found her name on a letter box and pushed the electric button. The street door swung open noiselessly.

Goes to See Stephanie.

On the ground floor, facing him on the right, he saw a door on which was a copper plate bearing the name, "Miss Davis; Miss Quest."

The door opened as he touched the knocker, a young girl in stained sculptor's smock stood there regarding him inquiringly, a cigarette between her pretty, clay-stained fingers.

"Miss—," he checked himself—Mrs. Grismer, I mean," he asked.

The girl laughed. She was brown-eyed, pink-cheeked, compactly and beautifully molded, and her poise and movement betrayed the elasticity of her good health.

"She's out just now. Will you come in and wait?"

He went in, aware of clay studies on revolving stands, academic studies in unframed canvases, charcoal drawings from the nude, thumbtacked to the wall—the usual mess of dusty draperies, decrepit and nondescript furniture, soiled rugs and cherished objects of art. A cloying smell of plasticine pervaded the place. A large yellow cat, dozing on a sofa, opened one golden eye a little way, then closed it indifferently.

The girl who had admitted him indicated a chair and stepped before a revolving table on which was the roughly-modeled sketch of a horse and rider.

Watches Girl Work.

She picked up a lump of waxy material, and, kneading it in one hand, glanced absently at the sketch, then looked over her shoulder at Cleveland with a friendly, enquiring air.

"Miss Quest went out to see about her costume. I suppose she'll be back shortly," he asked.

"What costume?" he asked.

"Oh, didn't you know? It's for the Caricaturists' Ball in aid of the Artists' Fund. It's the Ball of the Gods—the great event of the season and she can be that still!"

"I haven't, recently."

"I see. Will you have a cigarette?" She pointed at a box on a tea tray; he thanked her and lighted one. As he continued to remain standing, she asked him again to be seated, and he complied.

She continued to pinch off little lumps of waxy, pliable composition and stick them on the horse. Still fusing with the sketch, he saw a smile her cheek in profile; and presently she said without turning: "Why did you speak of Stephanie Quest as Mrs. Grismer? We don't, you know."

"Why not? Isn't she?"

"The girl looked at him over her shoulder; she was startlingly pretty, fresh and smooth-skinned as a child."

"Who are you?" she asked, with that same little hint of friendly curiosity in her brown eyes—"I'm Helen Davis, Stephanie's chum. You seem to know a good deal about her."

"I'm James Cleveland," he said, quietly, "her brother."

At that the girl's brown eyes flew wide open.

"Good heavens!" she said; "did Steve expect you? She never said a word to me! I thought you were a fixture in Europe!"

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

NOTHING is more acceptable to a thirsty person on a sultry day than some cool and delicious beverage. Fortunately, these beverages are not hard to prepare. If the housewife will stock up a small shelf in a convenient pantry with a few bottles of fruit syrups, loganberry juice, grape juice, ginger ale, carbonated waters and dairy accessories in the way of glass, thin glasses, an ice shaver, straws, and so forth, it will take but a very few minutes to brew a delicious "punch."

Care should be taken to see that these beverages are not over-sweetened, for their mission is to quench thirst, instead of inducing it. In many instances the addition of chilled carbonated water greatly improves them, for the life and sparkle of the water seem to impart an added zest.

The importance of liquid in one's diet is underestimated, although continually doctors try to impress people with its necessity for health.

Grape juice has its place in every home, for it has proven itself to be really the best foundation for a number of satisfying drinks. Made from the pure, unadulterated and unsweetened juice of the grapes, gathered early in the morning while the dew is still on them, and pressed immediately, the grape juice of a nationally known producer is delicious.

Orange drinks may easily and economically be made by adding water to the orange syrup known as orange nip. A gallon jug of this fruit syrup will assure the average housewife of a tasty beverage for family and guests at any time all summer.

Lunching Out of Doors.

The European habit of eating out of doors is growing in America. Many country houses have screened-in porches where in pleasant weather the informal meals, like breakfast and tea, and often the formal meals are served. Such porches are often wired for electricity and the meal may be prepared as well as eaten there. But an alcohol chafing dish will serve the same purpose. Or, the table may be set with cold dishes, such as sandwiches and salads, and a single hot dish and tea or coffee brought from the kitchen at the last moment.

If you expect men guests at the afternoon tea table provide plenty of sandwiches and cut down on cakes. Select from the reliable brands of summer specialties, sandwich fillers such as ox tongue, corned beef, summer sausage or ham loaf.

Roll sandwiches are very attractive and quite novel. Cut the bread very thin and brush lightly with melted butter, then spread with a soft filling. Make filling by rubbing cheese or chopped meat to a paste and add seasoning to taste. Thin slices of onion, green pepper and a dash of salt and pepper make excellent seasonings.

After spreading with the filling roll each slice of bread and secure with a toothpick. Make a mound of these rolled sandwiches in center of plate and garnish with parsley.

A Twentieth Century Santa.

Ten years ago no industry existed that was capable of placing American-grown varieties of European grapes upon the market for the Christmas trade. Then a method was devised of packing the grapes in redwood sawdust in veneered drums, and of handling the product under refrigeration in transit and in storage from the time of harvesting until the period of the holiday markets. Today the industry ships more than 500 carloads of grapes annually.

A few years ago the supply of red-wood was threatened. Experiments made with various kinds of wood demonstrated that spruce could be satisfactorily used. The supply of spruce is practically inexhaustible. To the trade the de-

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

Here is a chance for everyone to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

\$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.

Checks will be mailed to winners. ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

partments' activities mean uninterrupted business; to the consumer, the continuance of a luscious fruit.

Today's Economy Prize.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER: Finding the children short of underwear, I looked over my rag-bag and found two union suits that were too small for any one. Taking an old waist with a pattern I soon had six waists.

I bound the edges with scraps of cambric, then sewed on old buttons from the other waists. As the waists cost 55 cents apiece I saved over \$3.

MRS. W. H. MOORE.

150 Adams street N. W.

Things Not As They Should Be

The world seems to be turned all inside out and upside down the past few years. A lot of things are not as they should be. For instance:

The other day a man went in to have his nails fixed and the manicure didn't tell him he had beautiful hands; a broker hired a strange young man as messenger boy and sent him to a bank with a million dollars' worth of convertible bonds and the boy arrived at the bank and deposited the bonds; a lady was seen passing a hat store without stopping to look in at the window; a rich corporation willingly paid a woman \$1,000 for breaking her leg; a well-known man who has a beautiful stenographer was seen taking his own wife out to lunch; a rich man dies and the distant relatives did not appear to protest his will; a cigar store advertised good 5-cent cigars for a nickel; a lady fell down in the street and seven men rushed to her assistance.

Now these things are not as they should be, or as we have always been led to believe they should be. Everything seems to be topsyturvy. What are we coming to? Is it possible we are coming to our senses?

Toys Most Profitable Invention.

Toys, as a whole, have yielded larger profits than any other class of inventions.

GIRLS!

To keep your face powder on, use Der-willio. No touching up all the time to prevent your nose and face from shining. A dip in the ocean, perspiration, hot sun and wind have no effect on it. Instantly beautifies the complexion. A single application proves it. All druggists refund the money if it fails.

Liquid or Plaster



They end corns now in this scientific way

People who know—millions of them—now end all corns in this way.

They apply Blue-jay, either in liquid or in plaster form. It means but a touch and takes but a jiffy.

The corn pain stops. Then the Blue-jay gently undermines the corn so it loosens and comes out.